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FOND AFFECTION'S KISS.

Oh, when we give the fond embrace to her we hold most dear,
 And catch the bright impassion'd look, which speaks the soul sincere,
 There is a thrill of ecstasy, which nothing can outvie,
 As we kiss the sweet and glowing lips, which breathe affection's sigh :
 I've seen the monarch on his throne—his sceptre in his hand,
 The diadem upon his brow, with hosts at his command ;
 But wealth and pow'r can never give so exquisite a bliss,
 As feels the sympathetic heart at *fond affection's kiss*.

I've fancied what the poet feels, when, wrapt in visions bright,
 With nature he communion holds, within her halls of light ;
 And soaring, like the seraphim, on rapture's painted wings,
 He roves amid the gorgeous light of wild imaginings ;
 But ah, the pleasure he may feel in moments such as this,
 Is not so fervent as the joy of *fond affection's kiss*.

I saw the bard, from Nature's store, return with many a prize—
 And as he came man greeted him with fond admiring eyes ;
 And fame was loud to speak his worth, and all those pow'rs to tell,
 Which, when he sang, enchain'd mankind in rapture's magic spell ;
 But all the joy the minstrel feels, when praise is fairly his,
 Gives not the fond transporting joy of *fond affection's kiss*.

I mark'd the holy patriot stand upon the gory plain ;
 Around were strew'd in ghastly heaps the bodies of the slain ;
 The tyrants of his native soil had fall'n beneath his pow'r,
 And Freedom's sun had filled his land with glory from that hour ;
 And the smile of gladden'd feeling, the exulting eye might trace,
 As the hidden glory of his soul was pictur'd in his face ;
 And I thought that nought could e'er excel the greatness of his bliss,
 Except the thrilling joy that's felt at *fond affection's kiss*.

EDWARD.

THE LECTURE SYSTEM, AND INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY
OF SCOTLAND.*

The Philosophy of Mind has long been a favourite Science with the Scottish Universities ; and to it, Scotland is probably indebted for the eminence which many of her sons have attained in the various walks of civil and political life. The Belfast Academical Institution, founded in many respects upon the model of the Scottish Universities, makes this branch of Philosophy a very important part of its course. Few studies seem better adapted to form the character of public and professional men. To statesmen and physicians, lawyers and divines, an acquaintance with the human mind is an acquisition of indispensable importance. In every well ordered system of education for such professions, mental philosophy should therefore occupy a very prominent place.

Nor can any branch of knowledge be better adapted to the mode of instruction that is most popular in North Britain, and forms the most peculiar feature, perhaps, of its collegiate system ; we mean that of teaching by lecture. The nature of the science is such as to afford ample scope for the display of eloquence in every possible variety of style.

* Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, and the Investigation of Truth. By John Abercrombie, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, &c. and First Physician to his Majesty in Scotland. Edinburgh : Waugh and Innes—1830.

Its doctrines may be stated with the most terse and sententious brevity, or illustrated with the utmost latitude of ornate diffuseness. It requires to be explained to the mind through the medium of language only; for it cannot, like mathematics, be exhibited by figures to the eye. And as it relies entirely on language for its illustration, it amply repays the aid which it receives. There is no science that furnishes a greater *copia verborum*, or is better calculated to impart a rich fulness and a ready fluency of expression—none that requires more precision and correctness in the use of terms—none which can give a higher degree of sublimity to the conceptions, or of beauty to the style. In unfolding it to the apprehension of his pupils, the lecturer is interrupted by no necessity of recurring to experiments, which, through the awkwardness of a bungling assistant, may turn the finest passages of his exposition into burlesque; he is dependent on no cumbersome apparatus for the exhibition and demonstration of the particulars he is anxious to explain; nothing of this kind occasions a *hiatus* in his discourse, during which the mind of his pupil may contrive to wander far away; but his words may flow on, like some majestic river, in smooth and uninterrupted current, carrying along with them the thoughts and the feelings of his hearers, and obtaining as they flow a silent confirmation from the consciousness of every individual addressed.

Nor are we acquainted with any science that can be considered as more purely an exercise of mind on the part of those who are instructed. In order to grasp it as taught in the continuous lecture of the professor, there is requisite an effort of close and unremitting attention on the part of the student, which can only be sustained by preserving the mind in a state of the most complete abstractedness from all surrounding objects. There is nothing in the shape of diagram or experiment to assist in this effort; and if it be relaxed but for a moment, the clew of the labyrinth may be lost, and the youth who seeks to thread its mazes will find himself involved in inextricable confusion. Should he venture to trifle by indulging in such desultory or inattentive habits, the subsequent catechetical examination, if well conducted, would be sure to expose him. That exposure would be painful in proportion to its publicity; and it would be necessarily public, when taking place before the numerous class of a popular professor. The deficiency exhibited by it would likewise be felt to be the more degrading, as it could not be attributed to any want of time or of readiness, to any defect of memory, or to any other of the more venial causes of inaccuracy; but would obviously arise from a want either of those habits of attention, or of those powers of thought which are universally regarded as qualifications indispensable to all who aspire to rise above the lowest grades of intellect or attainment. To such a reproof, we apprehend, no formal caution would require to be added. The fear of it would exercise a sort of moral discipline over the minds of all but those who could be governed only by brute force; and such have no right to be continued on the books of a university. Thus would the student be constrained unless dead to all the influence of excitement, to acquire and maintain habits which would be eminently favourable to the cultivation of his intellectual powers.

We readily allow that the lecture system may receive too exclusive a preference; and that such is the case cannot be doubted, when it is made a substitute for accurate and extensive reading, or close and vigorous thought. In every class there will be always some indolent youths who will merely value a lecture as a convenient method of obtaining information at second hand, and without any great labour of

their own. Such individuals, however, would probably be idlers under whatever system could possibly be employed ; and even they would perhaps acquire more information from a good lecture, to which they have listened with a very moderate degree of attention, than they would ever attain, if left to procure it at the cost of their own exertions. Yet we allow that any thing which would hold out an encouragement to indolence would be decidedly objectionable ; and were this the natural tendency or the unavoidable result of the plan of teaching by lecture, we should not hesitate to pronounce the system a bad one. Nor can we deny that such will be the tendency, and the result too, where the lecture is not followed by a catechetical examination, or that examination is suffered to degenerate into a mere matter of form.

We admit also, that it is a plan more suitable for the instruction of a large class, than of a few individuals. The excitement felt by a lecturer in speaking before a number of intelligent youths, must give a great additional degree of energy to the style of his instructions ; whereas, to display the same energy before half a dozen individuals would be regarded as little better than vapid and heartless affectation, while without it the dull formality of reading would be ill substituted for the more lively tone of conversational remark. But in the large classes of an English or an Irish university, there can be no room for such an objection as this ; and we are surprised that under the advantages which they present for the purpose, the plan has not been more generally or efficiently adopted. There is indeed something like a reading of public lectures in our Dublin university, but, with the exception of the school of Medicine and Surgery, in which the spirit of emulation has awakened the dormant powers of lecturers who might otherwise have droned in the desk or nodded over the dissecting table, the lecture, with us, is one of the most dry, dull, formal, and stupid parts of the whole arrangements and exercises of the college. These prosaic and monotonous rehearsals are not the things we mean by lectures. And with the exception of two or three *hum-drums* of this kind, that are of the same genus with Gresham's Latin lecture at the London Exchange, designed for the benefit of idle Cockneys, we are not aware of the lecturing system being adopted as an integral part of the plan of our university education.

The adoption of such a system would indeed require that a teacher should be fluent in language, and possess a ready talent for communicating knowledge. He must accurately understand, and be able perspicuously to explain the sciences on which he lectures. But these are such obvious requisites, on the part of all who profess to instruct, that we cannot for a moment suspect a want of them within the walls of Trinity. Indeed we know to the contrary. The same corruscations of oratory that have illustrated with meteoric splendour the brief period of the existence of the Brunswick clubs, might have lighted up the College halls with a lustre less fiery but more enduring, had they been employed to irradiate the peaceful themes of philosophy and learning. The name of a Boyton would probably have been found upon the rolls of fame in an association more consistent with its prefixed and appended titles, had there been as much scope for eloquence in the discharge of professional duty as appeared to be afforded on the arena of political debate. With all due respect for "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory," we cannot but add that such powers would, in that case, have been far more appropriately and usefully employed.

The plan of teaching by lecture we further conceive to be peculiarly

adapted to the age at which young men usually commence their collegiate education. It makes a marked difference between the tasks of the school-room and the discipline of the university. So far it gratifies the feelings of a youth, just manumitted from the rod of a pedagogue, escaped from "durance vile," and swelling with all the conscious importance of incipient manhood. It engages him to start with fresh vigour on the course of study prescribed for the finishing of his education, when he finds that in the very method by which he is hereafter to be taught, there is an obvious and agreeable change; that he is not now to plod through a lesson as a merely mechanical process, and to have exacted from him, *memoriter*, the very words of his task; but that he is henceforward to be addressed as one who has begun to feel the dignity of his reasoning powers, and to know how to employ them; that in future he is to be spoken to as a *man*, not treated like a *boy*.

It is obvious that such a mode of instruction is well calculated to give a youth a taste for the beauties of composition, and for the charms of eloquence; and this very taste forms in itself, an important branch in the training of young men for almost every situation of active or public life. The want of a school of eloquence, where such a taste might be formed and cherished, is, indeed, a sad deficiency in our plans of public education. The theatre is almost the only place where a young man can obtain, generally speaking, either precept or example on the important subject of elocution; and, as this is not in other respects a very desirable seminary for youth, it would certainly be well if, in the arrangements of our universities, eloquence were rendered what she ought to be—the handmaid of learning and science; and if young men in the very act of acquiring knowledge were taught, at least, by the example of their instructors, if not by more direct instructions on the subject, to read and speak their own tongue with grace, eloquence, and propriety. To this end we consider the adoption of the lecture system might be rendered eminently subservient. We cannot but look upon its skilful and judicious combination with the modes hitherto adopted in our own university, as the very *ne plus ultra* of a literary education. Let each of the junior fellows have, as at present, the private instruction (what we may term, in fact, the *drilling*) of his own class; and for this purpose, perhaps, no plan could be devised better than the one now adopted, if industriously and perseveringly followed; indeed it is in this particular that we conceive the Scottish system fails. But in addition to this arrangement, let there be a succession of public lectures, for the students of each year, on the classical and scientific course for that year—not catechetical examinations under the name of lectures, but *bona fidé* LECTURES. In these, so far as the classics are concerned, the style of the various authors, with the defects or the excellencies of each, might be critically discussed. A correct taste and discriminating judgment would thus be formed, and a fund of general information would be accumulated in the minds of the students, which would be of far higher importance than the mere power of translating with correctness, or reading with prosodial accuracy. Under such a system, many a generous youth would learn to kindle over the odes of Horace with an enthusiastic relish of their beauties, who now scans their metres with no feelings but those of weariness and disgust. Homer would not appear the prosaic storyteller that he seems to be to many an embryo Grecian who plods on to the end of Iliad, as much in the dark as ever with respect to his expletives and dialects, and as incapable as when he began with "*Μη γιναι αειδε Θεα,*" of appreciating his sublimity. What opportunities for de-

scanting on the oratory of the ancients would be afforded, while those masters of eloquence, Cicero and Demosthenes, were in the hands of the students. The Greek tragedians would open a wide field of observation upon Grecian manners, language, and literature. Livy and Tacitus need not be dismissed without some notices of ancient, and especially of Roman history. Tully's offices might be elucidated by fuller and more satisfactory disquisitions upon Ethics, and Longinus would perhaps be better understood if accompanied by lectures on rhetoric, that would exhibit the principles of taste and the laws of criticism, and in which, along with other characters of style and composition, the consideration of the sublime and beautiful might be appropriately introduced. It is unnecessary to point out how a similar system might be applied to the scientific part of the course, even the mathematics themselves not excepted. We do not say that none of these *desiderata* is supplied in any part of the arrangements of our university; nor would we insinuate that upon none of these branches of knowledge are lectures given. What we complain of is, that the plan is not sufficiently prominent—that it does not pervade and accompany every part of the course of studies prescribed, and that where lectures are given, they are not in a style sufficiently attractive and popular. By nominating, as lecturers, men eloquent as well as erudite—by appending a series of appropriate lectures to every part of the college course—by requiring a stated attendance on these lectures as part of the system of education, and by appointing a distinct catechetical exercise on the subject of each lecture, in our humble judgment, a vast improvement would be made upon the present system of our university. An effectual stop would be hereby put to the practice of *absenceism*, which we regard as a disgrace to our college on the part of its students, equally flagrant of its kind with that which a similar evil on the part of our nobles and gentry brings upon our land. It is discreditable to the professed advantages of a university, that a young man who has matriculated in it should be able to pass his examinations fully as well by residing at a distance in the country, as if he lived upon the spot; or that there should be among its students, those who seldom visit its walls but during the examination weeks, and yet find that they can thus pass through with decency if not with honour. The changes we have ventured to suggest would, in our opinion, render Trinity not merely as at present, an unrivalled school of learning, but still more, a gymnasium, in which the powers of the mind would be duly exercised, and the professional man formed during the progress of his education, to his future tastes, pursuits, and habits.

But if we have ever wondered that the lecture system has not been more fully adopted in our Dublin university, we have wondered yet more at the stubborn and almost exclusive predilection manifested by it for the old or Aristotelian logic. Though far from admiring the superciliousness with which it has been sometimes treated by the Scottish school of philosophy, which we think would be somewhat improved by paying more attention both to it and to the mathematics, we yet conceive that Trinity errs in a contrary extreme. While it would seem to be too much the mode with our Scottish *Savans* to treat every thing ancient with contempt,* there appears to exist in our more southern universities, an equally groundless antipathy to all that is new. We feel as profound a respect for the venerable name of Aristotle, as ever the positive John Walker (would that he had practised in religion, what

* Witness an illustrious individual representing "history as no better than an old almanack."

he recommends in logic!) could desire to enforce upon the Freshmen of his day. Yet we cannot but think that it is too bad for Irish talent to be tethered for centuries by the line even of an Aristotle's genius or discoveries. We would not be willing to fling the old logic over board, notwithstanding the scholastic formality of its categories and its syllogisms; yet, neither do we think that the rising school of modern logic should be altogether overlooked and neglected: nor do we see any reason why, in the single step which our university has made in this matter, even Locke's invaluable Essay should be the immoveable text-book for modern metaphysics.

There is no such dread of innovation in the department of natural philosophy. To this branch of science, some who have been in their day the ornaments of Trinity College, have been paying, especially of late, a very laudable measure of attention. Hence the alteration of the university text-books has kept pace with the improvements of the day; and the character of the university has been thereby much raised, even in the esteem of some who had previously given it credit for but very superficial attainments in this department of science. Improved and successive publications, on various branches of the philosophy of matter, have been rendering the names of some of the fellows of Trinity illustrious, far and wide; but none of them has ventured to touch on the philosophy of mind. Repeated changes have been made in the course of studies prescribed upon the college card. Locke on Toleration, for instance, has been displaced;—of course to make way for some work of more enlarged and enlightened views. Xenophon's Memorabilia have been removed;—we presume, to give more scope for the reading of the Greek Tragedies, as probably better fitted to cool the passions and improve the morals of the young. The course on mechanical and other branches of natural philosophy, has been of late altered more than once. But in the midst of all these changes, the region occupied by mental philosophy has been, as it were, *tabooed* against the profaning touch of innovation. Nothing has moved Murray's Logic from its proud position in the vestibule of the temple of science; nor has any more modern writer been deemed worthy of being associated with Locke—to talk of a substitute for whom, we presume, would be little short of sacrilege.

We are naturally led to inquire, Whence this indifference among us to the study of mental philosophy? We apprehend that the neglect of it has been injurious. Hence we fear it is that Dublin, while she has furnished so many scholars, profound in attainment, and eminent in various departments of literature, has yet, notwithstanding the native talent of our countrymen, fallen short of far inferior universities in the production of men, fitted by the habits of their collegiate education, to give the tone as writers and speakers to the public opinion of the day. We have indeed our splendid orators, principally, however, confined to the bar. *Sed orator nascitur non fit.* But in the production of public professional men, whose very education has trained them to the habits and employments of their after life, Scotland, we imagine, leaves both her southern and her western neighbours far behind her. And it is by teaching her youths the philosophy of the human mind, that she prepares them to move with advantage in a world, where a knowledge of the laws of mind is of far higher importance than an acquaintance with those of matter.

There is, we conceive, at the bottom of the neglect complained of, some lurking suspicion of the character and worth of mental philosophy.

There must be some prejudice against it, as not sufficiently solid in its groundwork, fixed in its principles, or serviceable in its results. We are aware, that by many men of grave and sober judgment, it is regarded as a mere theory, a matter of idle and empty speculation, a region in which fancy may run rampant, and hypothesis grow wild. If so, we admit that it deserves to be neglected.

And, verily, when we consider the follies that have found shelter under the wing of metaphysics, we need not be much surprised at the contempt and suspicion with which every thing bearing the name has been looked upon by sound practical men. Alchymy itself has never played wilder vagaries. Yet, as its originating with the dreams of alchymy is not regarded as any argument against the chemistry of modern days, so we may hope that the dotings of some few metaphysicians, will not be considered as sufficient ground for utterly rejecting intellectual philosophy from the range of useful and valuable sciences.

Indeed we are almost ashamed of telling out the strange gambols in which metaphysicians have occasionally indulged. How ideas ever got into peoples' heads, was a phenomenon that they could never be satisfied to give up as inexplicable; and in order to account for this phenomenon, they have fairly put invention on the rack. According to the philosophers of ancient days, there were images or phantasms of every object in the material world—every substance had its shadow—and these shadowy phantasms shooting out continually from the substances of which they were the ideas, and gradually assuming those fairy-like dimensions that were necessary for their ultimate destination, entered the brain like so many spirits, by the various avenues that led to it, the organs of external sensation. There presenting themselves in her presence-chamber, they became cognizable by the residing majesty of mind, which sat in state somewhere in the brain-pan, as secluded as any eastern monarch, and approachable only through as long a train of guards, and as numerous a suit of apartments. Even the sage Locke was so fond of these phantasms, that he has spoken of chambers within destined for their reception, in which he supposes them to be laid up like old pictures in a lumber-room, till called for, in order to be exhibited in the show-box of memory.

When it began to be discovered that phantasms would not do, we were amused a while in more modern days with the theory of vibrations and vibratiuncles. Ideas, we were told, came through the air like sounds, and by a similar undulatory motion in the nervous system, were afterwards carried to the brain. For it seems all along to be taken for granted, that mind lives no where else than in the brain, and that every idea, such for instance as that of pain coming in at the great toe, must travel up the nerve all along the body to the *capitol*, before it can be fairly said to become the subject of thought. Then again there was the theory of impressions, by *dist* of which, it was supposed, ideas were imparted at the outward extremities of the organs of sense, that these organs made a corresponding impression on the nerves; and that this impression was communicated by the nerves to the brain. But last and best of all, was the skull-honouring science of phrenology, whose alliance with mental philosophy has probably brought the character of the latter into more discredit than all the *sauz pas* she had ever before committed. And here, instead of occasional phantasms, or vibrations, or impressions, or any of those more refined hypotheses of the interposition of matter for producing ideas in the mind, we have permanent bumps upon the bony skull, according to the hills and hollows of

which, not merely our incidental thoughts or the association of our ideas, but our whole moral and intellectual character is to be moulded. We have often read Paley with pleasure on the wisdom displayed in the structure of some of the human bones. But, simple man! he never bethought himself what a *chef d'œuvre* in this microcosm, what a masterpiece in the human structure was the human skull. To form its bony substance with such cavities as might be needful, was almost all that was required. Mind, in a state of fusion, poured into such a crucible, must take the impression and character those cavities were calculated to give it. We wonder much that no phrenologist, in the ardour of his studies, has ever thought of proposing the establishment of a manufactory for heads. It would be but following in the wake of alchemy to do so. A cast moulded with the best bumps, and a kettle full of boiled brains to be poured into it, then left to cool a while, would nearly complete the business.

When our mental philosophers have treated mind in such a manner, what better usage at such hands could matter expect to have experienced? They found out that it had primary and secondary qualities. Some more acute, by-and-by announced, that secondary qualities were no qualities of matter at all. Others, at last, emboldened by this wonderful discovery, ventured to aver that there was no such thing as quality; while a party equally numerous, as sturdily asserted that there was no such thing as substance. Is it any wonder that some plain folks began to think that their sons were actually running wild—that “much learning had made them mad”—when they came home from college, and amazed the rustic circle with the announcement of such astounding propositions. The most sober writers of the day grow waggish on the subject. My Lady Lizard had a son at college, we are told in the *Guardian*, who had made surprising attainments in this part of philosophy. “When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribbons were of the same colour, or rather of no colour at all. My Lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son’s improvement, was one day almost angry with him; for, having accidentally burnt her finger, as she was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot, in the midst of her anguish Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her, that there is no such thing as heat in the fire.”

Poor Abraham Thrifty, who vents his sorrows in a letter to the *Spectator*, was still more annoyed at his daughters having imbibed philosophical notions of a similar kind. Their learned words and scientific disquisitions would not so much have disturbed the peace of honest Abraham: this, he says, were supportable, “would they suffer me to enjoy an uninterrupted ignorance; but unless I fall in with their abstracted ideas of things, as they call them, I must not expect to smoke one pipe in quiet. In a late fit of the gout, I complained of the pain of that distemper, when my niece Kitty begged leave to assure me, that whatever I might think, several great philosophers, both ancient and modern, were of opinion, that both pleasure and pain were imaginary distinctions, and that there was no such thing as either in *rerum natura*. I have often heard them affirm, that the fire was not hot: and one day, when I, with the authority of an old fellow, desired one of them to put my blue cloak on my knees, she answered, ‘Sir, I will reach the cloak, but take notice, I do not do it as allowing your description; for it might as well be called yellow as blue—for colour is nothing but the various refractions of the rays of the sun.’ Miss Molly told me one day, that to say snow is white, is allowing a vulgar error; for as it contains a

great quantity of nitrous particles, it might more reasonably be supposed to be black. In short, the young husseys would persuade me, that to believe one's eyes is a sure way to be deceived; and have often advised me, by no means to trust any thing so fallible as my senses."

But secondary qualities were not the only sufferers. These said philosophers seemed disposed to play strange pranks even with the question of their own existence. Every schoolboy has heard of the scepticism of Pyrrho, who believed the existence of nothing, and who but for the care of his friends, would have exposed himself to innumerable dangers from these surrounding nonentities. With his eyes wide open, he would run bolt against posts and waggon wheels, march over precipices, and perform a thousand other Quixotical exploits. His friends, however, seem to have taken special care that he should not fall a victim to any of his philosophical experiments, as we learn that he lived to the advanced age of ninety. Indeed, like most other theorists, his conduct was not always consistent with his creed. There is a story told of his chasing his cook into the market-place for spoiling his dinner, which proves, that though he doubted the fact of his existence, he never hesitated as to the propriety of supporting it by substantial aliment; and his seizing the spit upon the occasion, as the instrument of his vengeance, afforded pretty strong evidence, that after all, he knew there were such things as bodies, and that those bodies were not unsusceptible of feeling.

The philosophy of Des Cartes was more reasonable in its madness. He determined not to believe that he existed till he proved it. So he deliberately undertook, by means of a syllogism, to argue himself into a rational belief of his own existence. This wonder-working syllogism was as follows—"What thinks lives; I think; ergo, I am alive." A syllogism, certainly as correct in mode and figure, and as logical in every point of view as could be desired; but one in which the *petitio principii*, that grand characteristic of the whole scheme of syllogistic reasoning, is egregiously displayed. For what is the *I* that forms the minor term, but an obvious assumption of the existence of the personage it indicates; or, in other words, of the very point that was to remain in abeyance until it was proven.

Des Cartes, we believe, was charitable enough, having logically proved his own existence, to take for granted the existence of every thing, and of every body round about him. At all events, he had no very formidable doubts upon the subject, when a slender syllogism was sufficient to put them all to flight. There have been, however, some subsequent philosophers, whose scepticism on these points took a wider range, and was not so easily dissipated.

Berkley, the far-famed Bishop of Cloyne, would have shuddered to find himself classed among the sceptics; yet a sceptic he unquestionably was as to the world of matter. No evidence of our senses was, in his opinion, sufficient to warrant our belief of its existence. His hostility to the doctrines of materialism led him to this eccentric notion, which was sustained by profound logical arguments, and legitimately deduced from the old theory of ideas. He certainly laid the axe to the root of the tree. From the same theory, however, Hume, with his usual subtlety, derived a train of arguments against the existence of any spiritual beings, and staunchly maintained that we have no proof whatever of the existence of any thing but ideas and impressions. So that, between the two philosophers, we are indebted to a set of fugitive phantasms for all

the wonderful appearances that are exhibited to us, whether in the world of matter or of spirits, and all besides these phantasms is non-entity. We may philosophically enough believe in the existence of our ideas! but not according to Berkley, in the existence of the material objects that occasion them! nor according to Hume, in the existence of the mind on which they have been impressed. In other words—for an argument from analogy is quite fair in dealing with such systems, and *sic parvis componere magna solebamus*; the figures which the magic lantern throws upon the wall, are to be regarded as real and substantial personages; but the wall, and even the lantern itself, with all its apparatus, are airy nothings, the mere fiction of our deluded and deceived imagination.

We are not disposed to meet either of these vagaries, as the president of an American college has done, by a regular sermon! but we cannot help exclaiming, in the words of Dr. Reid, "Admired philosophy! daughter of light! parent of wisdom and knowledge! if thou art she! surely thou hast not yet arisen upon the human mind, nor blessed us with more of thy rays than are sufficient to shed a darkness visible upon the human faculties, and to disturb that repose and security which happier mortals enjoy, who never approached thine altar, nor felt thine influence! But if indeed thou hast not power to dispel those clouds and phantasms which thou hast discovered or created, withdraw this pernicious and malignant ray. I despise philosophy, and renounce its guidance—let my soul dwell with common sense. If therefore a man find himself entangled in those metaphysical toils, and can find no other way to escape, let him bravely cut the knot which he cannot loose, curse metaphysics, and dissuade every man from meddling with it. For if I have been led into bogs and quagmires by following an *ignis fatuus*, what can I do better than to warn others to beware of it? If philosophy contradicts herself, befools her votaries, and deprives them of every object worthy to be pursued or enjoyed; let her be sent back to the infernal regions, from which she must have had her original. But is it absolutely certain, that this fair lady is of the party? Is it not possible she may have been misrepresented? Have not men of genius, in former ages, often made their own dreams to pass for her oracles? Ought she then to be condemned without any further hearing? This would be unreasonable; I have found her in all other matters an agreeable companion, a faithful counsellor, a friend to common sense, and to the happiness of mankind! This justly entitles her to my correspondence and confidence, till I find infallible proofs of her infidelity."

We have dwelt the longer on the absurdities of metaphysicians, because the old system of ideas, though exploded, we should expect in the oral instructions, is still retained in the text-books of our university. Yet, to represent these absurdities, as in every instance affording a fair specimen, even of the philosophers who advanced them, would be, we are conscious, to exhibit a caricature instead of a portrait. Such indeed have been the aberrations of genius; but genius is not to be judged of by its aberrations only. And were any one who had merely heard of some of these whimsies, to imagine that he might form from them a sufficient estimate of the powers of such men as Locke, Des Cartes, or Berkeley, or of the information derivable from their writings, he would display a degree of ignorance and prejudice which we should be at a loss whether most to pity or condemn. He would be judging just as

fairly as some of the good citizens of London, who, when they read of a murder in Cunnemara, or a disturbance in Kerry, fancy that all Ireland is up in arms, and streaming with blood.

Notwithstanding these blots on its character in its early history, if its claims be impartially weighed, we apprehend the science of mental philosophy will be found based on solid facts, and calculated in its results for purposes of the greatest practical utility. The human mind is the noble object of its investigations. It calls on man to study and explore the world within him, to use the best means that he can employ for obtaining a sound acquaintance with his intellectual powers. It appeals to his own consciousness for the truth or fallacy of its doctrines. If false, none can be deceived but those who, by an unpardonable indolence and self-ignorance, expose themselves to such deception. If true, the knowledge thereby imparted must be of unquestionable importance in all those varied concerns of human life, in which mind can be exerted or displayed.

And if reasoning powers or fascinating style on the part of the great masters of a science, be any inducement to its study, we know of none that can compete in this particular with intellectual philosophy. Locke, who to an English reader stands at the head of the list, needs not the commendation of any ephemeral pen. Notwithstanding his lingering attachment to the ideal theory, the grosser follies of which, his better judgment evidently led him to repudiate, he deserves to be regarded as the father of the school of modern logic, the originator of a new era in the science of mind. His essay will shine after the rust of centuries has been encrusted upon it, and his thoughts will be admired, when the language in which he has uttered them is almost forgotten. Reid, whom we would take next in order, is a vigorous and original thinker, and writes with perspicuity and manly boldness. The general verdict of the age has hailed him as the master-spirit who accomplished the utter destruction of the old theory of ideas, and brought about the re-union of those twin-sisters, common sense and philosophy, who had been so long and so violently separated. A few murmurs have been raised against the decision; and Browne, in particular, has made a very pitiful and splenetic attempt to tear the laurels from his brow; but we apprehend that they are too securely and too justly fixed there, for any invidious hand to be able to displace them. Dugald Stewart, who has lived to wear his honours, besides the general correctness of his system as a philosopher, has been deservedly ranked among the first and finest English writers of the day. And Browne, we are sure, will long be a favourite, especially with the young student of philosophy. We do not agree altogether with his theory of causation, nor with his notion of power; nor can we give him all the credit he wishes to take to himself as the discoverer of the faculty of suggestion. The old name of association is not without its charms, if the newer one of suggestion have the advantage of a closer approximation to correctness. But the thing signified is the same; and whatever there is of novelty in the matter, beyond the change of name, consists merely in the reduction of so many mental processes, which preceding philosophers have found it desirable to enumerate distinctly, under the one head of suggestion, and their being spoken of as the development of that one faculty, in its simple or relative operations. This simplification in the analysis of the mental powers, is supported with great ingenuity and diffuseness, yet we question its presumed advantages. But we speak more of his style than his system, when we pronounce him likely to continue a favourite with

young philosophers. His lectures are just the thing for the juvenile taste. He talks not only about the subject in hand, but every thing in the world beside. From the speculations of astronomy, and the laws of mechanical philosophy, down to Gulliver's Travels and Don Quixote, there seems nothing out of the reach of his fingers, nothing which he cannot contrive to appropriate in the way either of ornament or of explanation. He pours upon every point on which he touches, a redundancy of beautiful words and sparkling illustrations. His imaginative mind is for ever revelling in poetry and in figure. While we read, we forget the chair of the professor, and almost fancy that we are walking Parnassus in company with the muse of mental philosophy.

We must pass by many other writers, and some of considerable eminence, who have employed their pens either in the exposition of the entire system, or in the illustration of some of its parts. Even to mention all would be no easy task ; many celebrated names would be found in the catalogue. The latest publication, that of Dr. Abercrombie, is the only one that we can further notice.

This author has selected but a limited portion of the wide field of intellectual philosophy, as the range of his observations in the work before us. The intellectual powers which constitute the chief subject of the volume, are but one class of the mental affections. The consideration of these powers is, however, introduced by some preliminary remarks on science, on the nature and extent of our knowledge of mind, and on the origin of all our knowledge. Here will be found many important observations on our idea of the relations of cause and effect, the doctrine of materialism, first truths, and the evidence of testimony. The reflections on the last of these topics afford a very satisfactory answer to the cavils of Hume on the subject of miracles, and ably expose their sophistry.

In his classification of the intellectual powers, and the names by which he designates each, he does not depart in any material point from the arrangement of Professor Stewart. He notices with evident respect the talents of Dr. Browne, but without passing a decisive opinion on his theory of suggestion, declines adopting any alteration either in the designation or order of the intellectual powers, which a close adherence to that theory might require. In his mode of considering these powers, he is altogether practical. In no instance does he appear to give way to a taste for speculation or a love of hypothesis. Having stated and arranged facts, and derived from them the general principles they appear to support, he attempts nothing further, but with the candour of a true philosopher, plainly points out the limits of human knowledge, and the folly of every pretence to penetrate beyond them. Dr. Abercrombie's views are sound, and his style, throughout, perspicuous. In the latter point, we were struck with the contrast between his terse and unornamented hints, and Browne's unsparing diffuseness. The author's brevity, however, is not such as to render him either obscure or uninteresting. The dryness of a philosophical work is sufficiently relieved by a number of illustrative anecdotes, which must render the book acceptable even to ordinary readers ; and the manner in which, throughout the volume, he applies the principles of metaphysical philosophy to medical science, and shows the connexion between them, is a special feature of the work, in which it stands distinguished, we believe, from every previous publication on this interesting subject.

We have spoken of physicians at the commencement of this essay, as among the number of professional men, in whose education we conceive

mental philosophy ought never to be overlooked. For medical students, Dr. Abercrombie seems particularly to have written. To that school we are persuaded that the study of metaphysics, if properly conducted, would render material service. How the fearful uncertainty of medical science may be improved and corrected—though never, perhaps, to be totally removed—by the application to medical practice of the principles of mental philosophy, we conceive Dr. Abercrombie has clearly and satisfactorily pointed out. While the speculations of the mere theorist in the school of medicine are calculated to increase the bare mechanical habit of registering and remembering certain facts and cases is not sufficient to diminish that uncertainty. Carefully to observe, and patiently to collect facts, really relevant, cases in point—judiciously to note their bearings, and especially to judge with accuracy the reality of the relation presumed to exist between those that are spoken of as causes and effects—to classify these facts aright, and to generalize, on sound principles, and with cautious induction, from them, are indispensable requisites to the character of a sound and able physician; and these are habits formed and cherished by mental philosophy. They are habits outraged by the foolhardy empiric, who sees but one disease in every patient and in every symptom, and has his one nostrum for this one disease. They are habits, therefore, which the regular disciples of Hippocrates and Galen would do well to cultivate, as adapted to prove, to every discerning mind, the wide difference between the science of the educated physician and the hollow pretensions of the quack. They are habits which would enable young practitioners to feel their way with confidence, and yet with caution; avoiding, on the one hand, the irregularity that owns no rule because it has none; and on the other, the straitlaced slavery to system which knows no medicine that the pharmacopœia does not name; no diagnosis but what the nosology teaches; and no practicable or possible cure, but what has been recognised by long-established and grey-bearded practice.

The study of medicine, in all its branches, has so much to do with the body, and that in its most degraded states, as the subject of disease and of death, that gentlemen of this profession seem often tempted to forget that there is a mind, if they do not even go so far as to deny its existence, and to attribute all its operations to mere bodily organization. In this respect it would not be amiss for the study of both parts of the human constitution—the mind and the body—to be united in the plan and progress of the education of medical students. They would thus be reminded, that all of man does not lie on the dissecting table—that there is a spirit in man, the wonders of whose nature infinitely transcend the astonishing mechanism of his corporeal frame—that it is this spirit that gives to the human body its chief value, dignity, and importance; and, that there is presumptive evidence enough in the discoveries which they make in the prosecution of their professional studies, to convince them, if not wilfully ignorant, that this spirit lives uninjured by disease, and undissolved by death, capable of its own joys and its own sorrows, while the body putrifies and moulders away under the recorded doom of its mortality.

And for his honest and unflinching avowal of such sentiments, we must award a tribute of strong and sincere commendation to Dr. Abercrombie. It does one's heart good to find a physician and a philosopher not ashamed to express his firm belief in the inspired Word of God, and high regard for the solemn truths of Christianity. It is the most serious accusation that has ever been alleged against mental philosophy, that

its tendency is to encourage scepticism ; and we cannot but record our regret, that at some of the seats of learning, where it forms a prominent feature of the collegiate course, the chair should ever be occupied, in such a department, by infidel or semi-infidel professors. There are few sciences which such teachers cannot pervert with a desperate ingenuity to the advantage of their own heartless cause. In such cases, however, we are not to attribute the pollution of the stream to any poisonous quality in the fountain head ; it arises entirely from the impurity of the channels through which we suffer the waters to be conveyed. If we send our sons to infidels, to be taught either metaphysics or anatomy, it is no wonder that we find them coming back to us, sceptics and materialists. Dr. Abercrombie's work tends to prove, that neither the philosophy of mind nor of medicine is to blame for this result. And were men imbued like him with religious feelings, uniformly chosen in our colleges, as the professors of the one science or the other, we could venture our youth into the school of metaphysics, without fearing that they would learn only to doubt, to cavil, or to dogmatise ; we might even trust them within the walls of the dissecting-room, without any apprehension lest they should be tainted by the moral impurity of its atmosphere.

A FRAGMENT.

'Twas evening—and she sat upon the beach,
 Her dark eye glancing o'er the foaming tide,
 And the light breeze that wafted o'er her form,
 Scarce moved the tresses which upon her neck
 Fell in abundance. Beauty's brightest beams
 Shone round the maid, in all the roseate bloom
 Of youth's enchanting grace. Often at eve,
 Pensive she roam'd to this her fav'rite spot,
 The scene of her loved Henry's last adieu.
 Two years had now elapsed since he embarked
 For India's shores ; and still his parting look
 Upon her faithful memory was as fresh
 As dew-drops on the rose : and fancy's power
 Full oft recall'd his image to her heart—
 When, as he turned away, to hide the tear
 His manly nature urged him to conceal,
 His accents were : " Anna, farewell, my love,
 Thou wert the kindly star, whose brilliant light
 Gilded my days and hours with joy, and still
 Shall be my hope, when far from thee I roam :
 O, weep not thus, my love, for soon shall come
 An hour to make thee mine—for ever mine !"
 Such were his parting words ; but yet the time
 For his return was past, and he came not.
 Like a transplanted flower, the maiden drooped,
 And melancholy flung her sable robe
 Around her. * * * * *

* * * * * The sun had sunk
 Far in the west his broad and smiling face :
 Across the vast expanse of ocean she
 Had gazed, and gazed, till her bright eyes grew dim.
 The sullen dashing of the waves, whose tops
 Were silvered by the moonbeams' sickly light,
 Was soothing to her agitated soul.
 * * * * * A distant sail